

MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

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BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF

COL. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

WHOEVER is much conversant with the History of literature cannot fail to have observed an uniform tendency in men of genius to associate and link themselves together in some strong community of study and of life. Point out to me a man distinguished in any of the walks of science, and I habitually inquire who are his companions. Authors will have persons of some congeniality of Character or views with whom to consult; and generally they will seek at least one or two on whose judgment they dare rely, even if they envy his or their genius.

The peculiar talents of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Dwight, and the enthusiasm with which they cultivated the politer studies, attracted many elevated and amiable minds to their society. Among these some were incited to similar pursuits; and among the first was the subject of the present article.

David Humphreys was born at Derby, State of Connecticut, about the year 1752 or 53 was admitted into Yale College in 1767, and graduated in 1771. Of the circumstances of his early education I am ignorant; nor is my information relative to his collegiate life sufficiently minute to render it interesting. That he formed his acquaintance, at this time, with the Muses, and with his friends, Dwight and Trumbull, is certain; for, having entered the family of Col. Philips, of Philip's Mann, State of New-York, on leaving College, he addressed a poetical letter to the former, in which he displays, with great ease of narrative and minuteness of circumstance, his situation, plans, prospects, and wishes. This epistle was never published, and perhaps is not now in existence. How long Mr. Humphreys continued in this Situation, and at what time, and with what rank he entered the American army, my recollection does not now enable me to determine. But, as early as 1778 he was Aid de camp to General Putnam, with the rank of Major; and in 1780, as he himself informs us, (in his poetical letter of April, 1780) he was promoted to be Aid de camp to the commander in Chief, with the rank of Colonel. In the family of Gen. Washington he con-

tinued till the end of the War; and after the resignation of his commission by the General, accompanied him to Virginia. On the appointment of Mr. Jefferson to succeed Dr. Franklin, as Ambassador to France, Col. Humphreys was nominated as Secretary to the Legation; and he left his native country for the first time, and sailed for Europe, in company with his friend the celebrated and unfortunate Kosciusko, in the summer of 1784. This he pleasingly mentions in his epistle to Dr. Dwight, written on board of the *Courier de l'Europe*, the ship in which he left America.

"Him first, whom once you knew in war so well,
Our Polish Friend, whose name still sounds so hard,
To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;
That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
In virtue, science, arts, and arms renown'd."

Col. Humphreys returned from Europe in 1786, and was almost immediately elected a representative from his native town, to the Connecticut Legislature; a situation to which he was reelected the following year, and in which he honorably acquitted himself. At this time, Congress resolved on the levy of some additional regiments for the western service; and Col. Humphreys was appointed to the command of that which was raised in New England. This appointment furnished him with employment till some time in 1788; when the occasion for which the levy had been made no longer existing, the corps was reduced, and his commission terminated. But during this command, his time was principally spent at Hartford, in company with Mr. Trumbull, Barlow, Hopkins, and other of his friends; poetry and politics divided their attention; and the purposes of both were united and pursued in the publication of the *Anarchiad*, and the various peices of wit and satire which distinguished that period.

After the reduction of his corps, Col. Humphreys made a visit to his illustrious friend at Mount Vernon. There, honoured with the confidence of its possessor, he remained till the organization of the new Government, and the Election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency. He then accompanied the President to New York, and was a member of his family till his public appointment to Portugal in 1790. From this period his life is known to every one attentive to American affairs. He

was the late Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid; and his residence in Europe has only been interrupted by a hasty visit to America in the autumn of 1794.

As a poet and a man of letters, if estimated by that ideal standard of excellence which every critic forms in his own mind, and which is lofty in proportion as his own conceptions are elevated and magnificent, Col. Humphreys will not occupy a station in the foremost rank; but, in judging of his literary character, we compare him with the mass of his cotemporaries, and consider the difficulties with which American genius had then, and even still has to struggle, we shall not hesitate to assign him a respectable place among the poets of the present day. His poems, it is true, display none of that originality of thought which at once delights and astonishes; none of that fiery enthusiasm which hurries us beyond the bounds of sober recollection,

quod pectus inaniter angat,
Iritar, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; modo—Thebis, modo ponit
Athenis—

but they are every where (at least the principal poems) correct and pleasing; the verse flows with an easy and becoming grace; and the sentiments, except when the writer aims at a sublimity to which he has no claims, are adapted to the occasion, and bespeak an amiable and manly temper and understanding.

What first drew the attention of his countrymen towards Col. Humphreys, as a poet, was his "*Address to the Armies*," at a time when, like Camden, "One hand the sword and one the pen employed." Few publications, whatever may have been their subject or their merits, have gained for their author a more sudden and surprising reputation; and the popularity with which it was attended in America followed it to Europe. The Marquis de Chassellux honoured it by performing the office of his translator into French; and the English Journals boldly challenged the author as a native of Britain. But much of this applause must be attributed to the circumstances of time and place; and the reader of the present day will find no reason for this unusual success of a poem, which, though handsome and spirited, has no peculiar claim to the admiration of the critic.

Col. Humphreys' next publication, of any note, was his poem "*On the Happiness of America*."—The success of this publication was moderate but respectable. It did not raise, but it did not diminish the reputation of the author. This was followed by his "*Essay on the Life of General Putnam*," in 1788, and by his Tragedy entitled "*The Widow of Malabar*," translated from the French, first played in May, and published in August, 1790. Neither of these advanced the literary character of their author. The first was thought deficient in that ease and grace which biographical narration is supposed peculiarly to demand; and the second shared the fate of many other dramatic efforts of natives of the United States; it was decently received, but soon fell into neglect. It must be confessed, however, that the turgid frigidity of the original was very little improved in the translation; and that the interest which tragedy was intended to excite, was overwhelmed, in this instance, by the disgust which so horrid a spectacle as the devotion of the heroine inspired. Nor was the disgust much alleviated by the "dry rapture" of the catastrophe.

The works of Col. Humphreys consist, 1. Of an Octavo volume, published by Hodge, Allen & Campbell, Newyork, in 1790; comprising the preceding pieces, and his smaller poems, &c.

2. Of a poem, entitled, "*Industry*," published by Carey, Philadelphia, 1794, when the author made his last visit to America. This is the least meritorious performance; but its limited circulation has prevented that effect on his political character which is generally produced by the succession of a bad piece, to others of a certain reputation.

From the LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS IN ITALY, COLLECTED IN A TOUR THROUGH THAT COUNTRY IN 1803, BY M. FERNOW.

THE lateness of the season and other circumstances obliged me to use greater expedition on my return through Italy than I had intended. I have not, therefore, been able to make all the enquiries I wished into the state of literature and the arts in Upper Italy. The few notices which I shall now communicate compose my whole collection.

I know not whether you have heard of the new *Accademia Italiana*. It has existed about two years, and has this peculiarity, that it has no fixed place of residence. Its members, among whom are the most celebrated *literati* in every department of science, and many of the first artists, are dispersed throughout all Italy. It has likewise foreign associates in France, England, and Germany, whose number was

at first fixed at forty, but which is now intended to be augmented to an hundred. The present president of the Academy is Count Vargas, who is known to the public by his *Saggio sull' Epigramma Greco*, and other literary labors. He now resides at Naples. I called, at Siena, upon the secretary, Sachetti, who carries on the correspondence of the Academy, and superintends the publication of its Transactions, in order to inquire more minutely into the constitution and objects of this society, which, a short time previous to my departure from Rome, did me the honor to elect me a member.

I spent two days at Siena, and was employed the greatest part of that time in viewing the Sinese school, with which I had before but an imperfect acquaintance. Its finest master-pieces have fortunately been preserved from the tempest of the revolution, probably because in France this school is less known than it deserves to be. I saw in the churches a great number of exquisite pictures by Balthasar, Peruzzi, Sodona, Casolani, and others, which in coloring and expression, far excel the works of the Florentine school, of the same period. The mannerists of this school, however, begin with Beccafumi and Vanni, and since their time, it has furnished no productions of merit. I could not procure a sight of the celebrated Madona, painted, in 1221, by Guido di Siena, which enabled the Sienese to dispute with the Florentines the merit of their Cimabue in the restoration of painting; for the church of St. Domenico, where it formerly hung, was destroyed by the late earthquake, and the pictures have been removed from it to a place to which I could not obtain admittance. The paintings executed by Pinturicchio and by Rafael d'Urbino, in his early youth, which are placed in the library adjoining the cathedral, were much more interesting to me than the floor of the latter figured by Beccafumi. If with these productions you compare those of Pinturicchio's pencil alone, the superiority of Rafael's genius immediately appears. The galleries of Spinnocchi and Saracirvi are likewise worthy of notice; they contain many good pieces by Sienese masters, together with some capital productions of other schools.

At Leghorn I was most curious to see the library of Gaetano Poggiali, a man of letters, and the proprietor himself. He is a member of the Academy of Florence, and one of the most zealous *Cruscani*. He is solely occupied in endeavoring to add to the reputation of the literature of his native country, by editions of classic works, combining elegance with the utmost correctness. For this purpose he devotes

two days in the week to the collation of manuscripts and early editions, for which he has four assistants. Poggiali's library, which contains 10,000 volumes, is unrivalled by any in Italy, as well in the antient and rare editions of Italian authors, as in those which are more modern and elegant. There is not a book in it which is not distinguished either by its rarity or correctness, or by some other typographical excellence. How little it wants of being complete, appears from the catalogue of the books which are still wanting, and whose number amounts to about 800. He besides possesses a considerable collection of manuscripts, which, with the early editions, occupy another apartment; among these, he shewed me, as the most precious article in the collection, a manuscript copy of Dante, on parchment, which he considers as one of the most antient, and probably contemporary with the author. Poggiali has a design of printing this work, which contains a great number of passages that vary considerably from the ordinary versions, and would clear up many obscurities in Dante, together with the marginal commentary with which it is accompanied. Poggiali's bibliographic knowledge, acquired in thirty years spent in collection and study, is as unique as his library. He mentioned that he had some idea of publishing, at one time or other, a bibliography of Italian literature. Poggiali, in conjunction with four other members of the Academy of Florence, has, for several years, been collecting materials for a new edition of the great *Dezionario della Crusca*, and he shewed me a whole chest full of papers, which contained spoils taken, for that purpose, from a multitude of authors both antient and modern. He himself was unable to say when this new edition would appear. The present state of affairs in Italy is too unfavorable to large and expensive publications, but he thinks that the want of such a work, which is universally experienced, would procure a considerable demand for it. The *Parnasso Italiano*, which appeared at Leghorn, 12 years ago, in 50 pocket volumes; the collection of the *Novellieri Italiani*, in 25 vols. octavo, and the works of Machiavelli, in 6 vols. octavo, besides many other works of antient Italian authors, very elegantly printed at the same place, were edited by Poggiali, and are regarded as the most correct editions. With respect to Machiavelli, who is his favorite author, he told me, that he intended to publish another splendid edition, inferior in no respect to Didot's or Bodoni's, and then he could die happy.

The impression produced by the cathedral of Siena, together with the *Battisterio*

and the hanging tower, situated in a remote and solitary spot, where you scarcely meet a human creature, is singular and striking. The spectator imagines himself transported into another age, or into a country of the East. The deception was heightened by the unexpected sight of a train of ten or twelve loaded camels, which passed just at the moment when we were leaving the cathedral to go to the Battisterio. About a league from Siena a colony of these animals has been established, where they propagate, and are employed in carrying burdens. In the cathedral of Siena, among the multitude of large pictures which decorate the walls, I found only one good piece, by Perin del Vaga; all the rest are scarcely worth looking at.

[To be continued.]

From the Dartmouth Gazette.

A HINT TO BACHELORS AND MAIDS.

AMONG the many excitements to the obtaining a good degree of happiness in this troublesome world, I know of none better calculated to the effecting this end, than those, which constantly occur in the *marriage state*. Experience having taught, that the God of Nature never sent man into the world to expect enjoyment as a matter of course, independent of any means to the acquiring of it; and that the greatest degree of felicity is to be derived from the nuptial union; it will not be thought boldness in me, in communicating so important a truth to those in a state of celibacy.

Though Aristotle, the master of arts, a man well acquainted with human nature, was once induced to assert, that, *a wife was worse than the devil*, we have no just reason to suppose that his assertion was the result of experience; but that for the sake of humor he indulged in oddity.

It appears just and right, that the sexes should join in the banns of matrimony, not only from the consideration that happiness is the result of such connection; but that it was the pleasure of the great Father of all, from the beginning. And no greater encouragement can we have of being recipients of the greatest enjoyment, which this world is calculated to afford, than that, which arises from the purpose of Him, who is the Author of all good.

Mankind are too apt to imagine that the marriage state is full of trouble, anxiety and cares, and that, independent of these, pleasures and enjoyments barely answerable or equal, are to be found. True, that cares and anxieties occur, and in what situation do they not? Go, ask the monarch in his purple, if, in the height of his glory, amidst his splendid equipage, some lurking does not extort a sigh? Visit the

peasant, whose humble cottage is far more preferable than the palaces of the great, and enquire if troubles and anxieties ever interrupt his purest peace? You will find that, from the highest summit of grandeur to the lowest condition, disappointments cannot be evaded. But with respect to the pleasures and enjoyments of the marriage state being barely *equal* to the cares and troubles, to which it is subject, I can truly assert, that, so far *paramount* are the former to the latter, that the overplus of the one destroys the remembrance of the other.

A disposition to make happiness the result of the nuptial union, is the only requisite; and that person must be ignorant of the incumbent duties of life, who will not exert his or her powers to the accomplishment of so desirable an end.

What I have said respecting the marriage state, may prove an excitement to those, who are in a state of celibacy, to engage in it, extending my views to those, who have arrived to the age of sixty. If I should fail in my purpose, at a future period, I shall particularize, from observation, the circumstances, which occur to render the union happy.

AN OLD MARRIED MAN.

LITERARY MEN.

Men in general, are seldom so much, and never so nobly, or innocently employed, as the man who passes his time in literary ease, and who is, by the world, called idle. Trade contracts, some think it debases the mind; its only recommendation is, that it furnishes the means of subsistence. Men are always discontented; and, one who has spent all his days in literature, may, through ignorance, wish, at a late period of his existence, that he had followed some business: But no man, who has ever seen what business is, and abandons it for literature, will, at any time of life, desire to return to it.—*Mon. Reg.*

SENSIBILITY

In this age of refinement and egotism, is in the mouth of every one, and scarcely in the heart of any. In novels, rapid successions of events must be introduced to keep the languid mind awake. The most terrific scenes must be invented to kindle the least spark of feeling; and the epithet of *intolerable stuff*, is attached to the simple tale, that in former times, would have drawn tears of sympathy from the eyes of the unlettered reader. *ibid.*

AUTHORS

Are like asparagus; there is nothing good about them but their heads.

DEATH.

I shall throw together a few collections on this curious and solemn subject.

What a forcible epitaph an Arabian poet composed to have inscribed on his tomb:

"This crime did my father commit against me; but I have not committed the same against any!"

The poetess Sappho imagines, that "to die, is an evil; the gods have so determined it; or else they would die themselves."

Cicero, in his treatise on Old Age, declares, that if the gods offered to replace him once more in the cradle, he would reject the offer; for that life has nothing to recommend it.

Sir William Temple says, with easy elegance, that "human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humored a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

SUICIDE.

Suicide is not allowable to a moral agent. No apology can possibly be framed for this crime; but the causes of suicide are apparently the following ones: Diderot has ingeniously deduced them in his life of Seneca—"If the operations of government precipitate into sudden misery a great number of his subjects, be assured we shall have numerous suicides. Men will often seek a voluntary death, whenever the abuse of enjoyment leads to a listless and languid state of the body; whenever luxury and relaxed morals render labor more terrible than death; whenever a lugubrious superstition and a gloomy climate concur to produce melancholy habits and opinions, half theological and half philosophical, inspiring an equal contempt of life and death."

Aphorism.—Trees afford us the advantage of shade in summer, as well as fuel in winter. So virtue allays the fervor of our passions in our youth, and serves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigors of old age.

DIED,

In Sunderland, (Eng.) Mr. EDWARD LAWSON, *Æt.* 106; who had been blind three years, but recovered his sight a short time previous to his death.

In Baltimore, Mrs. ELIZABETH TOOF, *Æt.* 111.

The yellow fever, which now rages in Philadelphia and New-York, carries off, in the former place, about 18 souls daily, and in the latter, about 40 weekly! The same disorder has made its appearance in Norfolk and Baltimore.

* * * Subscribers to the MISCELLANY who do not give notice to the contrary, before the next number is published, will be considered as wishing to continue, and their bills for the next third of a year's advance be presented accordingly.

Complete files are kept on hand, that Subscribers may be furnished with the numbers from the beginning of the Vol. at any time of subscribing.

POETRY.

THE CAPTIVE.

FAR from my friends and native shore,
O'erwhelm'd by sorrow's tide,
Life's charms to me are known no more—
Sweet Liberty denied.

Condemn'd by Fate the galling chain
Of Slavery to wear,
My heart revolt's with just disdain,
Captivity to bear.

Nurs'd in the soil where Freedom's fire
Within each bosom glows,
Where Liberty each breast inspires,
A native blessing grows.

Where mild ey'd Peace benignant reigns,
And Commerce spreads her sails;
Where no poor Pris'ner bound in chains,
His destiny bewails.

There could my frame repose in peace,
In its terrestrial rest,
I'd bid my bursting grief to cease,
And feel supremely blest.

Yet, cheer, my soul, a distant sail,
A ship in sight appears—
Sweet hope with flattering transport hail!
Thou driest the Captive's tears.

Perhaps America's warlike sons
She bears across the main,
Resolv'd to perish at their guns
Or make us free again.

Ah, vain delusion! Truth, unfold
Thy miseries uncounted;
"She's sent, with thunder in her hold,
"And all her guns dismantled."

Down on his straw the Prisoner lies,
His pleasing vision flown;
No murmurs in his breast arise,
Or issue with his groan.

With eyes reverted to that shore,
Where all his treasures dwell,
He gives a longing look once more,
And takes this last farewell.

"Adieu, my Country! lost to thee,
No consolation shines,
Thy son depriv'd his Liberty,
In days of sorrow pines.

"When in the silent tomb he sleeps,
A tenant of the grave;
Let Pity say, while yet she weeps,
His Soul was ne'er a Slave."

[Charles. Cour.] INCOGNITIA.

HIGHLAND MUSIC.

*TWAS thus when to Quebeck's proud heights afar,
WOLFE's chivalry roll'd on the surge of war,
The hardy Highlander, so fierce before,
Languidly lifted up the huge Claymore.
—To him the bugle's mellow note was dumb,
And ev'n the rousing thunders of the drum,
Until the Pibroch sounded in the van,
And led to battle forth each dauntless clan.
—On rush the brave—the plaided chiefs advance,
—The line reform'd "Lochiel's awa' to France!"
With vig'rous arm the falchion lift on high,
Fight as their fathers fought, and like their fathers die!

THE RATIONAL LOVER.

ARDOR EDENDI!!

MY darling Nell, though thee I love,
All other women far above,
And you yourself must know it;
I do not seek by high flown lies,
About your face, your nose and eyes,
To prove myself a poet.

I'll not in Della Crusca phrase,
Your roseate cheeks, or red lips praise,
And on false charms descant;
Since I am sure, that you possess,

MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

My only love! nor more nor less,
Than any man must want.

And faith you would not seem so fair,
With odours dropping from your hair,
In many a pearly tear:
To me, as now you seem divine,
All as you brew the home-made wine,
Or bottle up the beer.

I know my wife, though lov'd and young,
Distills no honey from her tongue;
Of no gay wits the toast;
I know though, with what careful toil,
Exact she puts the pot to boil,
Or lays the joint to roast.

She fires no gazing crowds with love,
But fires each morn the kitchen stove
With wood—not with her eye:
She causes death to no fond man,
But puts the bacon in the pan,
And causes it to fry.

Let Damon rave, and sigh, and start,
And swear he loves with all his heart,
Yet I more love my Nelly:
His love but feeds his bosom's heat,
Mine feeds me all the day with meat;
I love with all my belly!

His flame, soon as in hope of bliss,
The priest has given him leave to kiss,
May perish, though the strongest.
My Hydra love—that's appetite,
Returns; is fed each day and night,
Pray which will last the longest.

Then, Nelly, come; I'll buy the meat,
Which you shall dress, and as we eat,
Our love shall gain new life.
MY ANGEL!—Psha! fond nonsense hence,
From one who loves with so much sense,
I'll call you, hence, MY WIFE.

[The following is from a series of sprightly essays in the
"Farmer's Cabinet," from the literary shop of SOLO-
MON SHAVER & Co.—The reader will excuse politi-
cal references.]

"A strong argument chain."

Just published, and for sale at the shop of S. S. & Co.

Forty-five *unanswerable* Reasons why a
man ought to be "true to his party."

This valuable work is earnestly recom-
mended to the attention of those candid,
charitable, intelligent men who think
their opponents are always to blame, and
that their own party is always right.
Some folks in these times pretend that a
man should judge and act with an eye of
justice and the good of the public, with-
out reference to partyism. Poh! how ab-
surd! *this is nonsense*; P... says it is, and
D... says 'tis; and S. G. said so too—
and so says a great many other folks. But
if you won't believe it, because all these
great folks say so, we'll bet a goose you'll
believe it firmly if you will buy and read
the aforesaid REASONS.

As a proof of the convincing strength
of argument contained in these reasons,
we select, at random, the following as spe-
cimens:

A man should always be true to his party:
1st, Because the men, who want to rule
the nation, say so.

7th, Because the men, who meet in
midnight caucusses, to determine how o-
ther *freemen* shall exercise their rights,

(by choosing said caucus-men to office)
say so too.

22d, Because, otherwise, the people
might think of choosing none to office but
honest and capable men, which would
make it very bad for some who *want* em-
ployment.

45th, and lastly, Because, otherwise,
some very dangerous doctrines might gain
ground; such as that a man should obey
his conscience rather than the dictates of
party leaders—printers and editors of
newspapers might think of regarding the
good of their readers in general, rather
than the voice of some interested leaders,
who make tools of printers, editors, peo-
ple and all.

Bucks, Beaux, and Tippee-Fellows—attend!
SOL. SHAVER & Co.

Expect shortly to receive from the mint
of fashion,

Gentlemen's Shawls and Shoulder Straps.

Since it has been wisely determined by
the regulators of fashion, that gentlemen's
pantaloons shall come up as near the neck
as possible; it must be very handy to
have shoulder straps instead of gallowses
—besides, *gallows* is an ugly name. And
whereas the aforesaid regulation of panta-
loons renders the wearing of waistcoats al-
most unnecessary, the said Shawls for gen-
tlemen, very ingeniously contrived for the
purpose, will be *vastly* convenient and e-
conomical. *Also, ready for sale,*

Patterns of small clothes, almost as big
as any clothes—after the *Dutch* mode.

Some time ago, a sailor happening to
be in a tavern in London, when the bells
were ringing for church, asked what it was
for? For church, answered the landlord.
"I believe I'll go, replied the sailor, but
how must I behave?"—You must sit down
in the first vacant seat you see, and not
speak until it is out—or they will turn
you out. He walked up the aisle, leading
to the pulpit, and seats himself along side
of the Clerk—who as usual, when the
first part of service was over, cried out *a-*
men. "Hush! hush! shipmate," whis-
pered Jack, "or they'll turn us both out."

A GENTLEMAN, informed by a bill
on a window of a house, that *apartments*
were to be let, knocked at the door, and,
attended by a pretty female, took a sur-
vey of the premises. Pray, my dear,
said he, smiling, are you to be *let* with
these lodgings!—No, replied the Fille de
Chambre with vivacity, but I am to be *let*
alone.

NEWBURYPORT, (*Massachusetts*),

PUBLISHED, SATURDAYS,

By WILLIAM B. ALLEN.